

The Tragedie

He winne our ancient right in France againe,
 Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King,
Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring,
Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke,
Prin. Richard of Yorke how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our grieffe, as it is yours:
 Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,
 Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,
Glo. How fares our cousen noble Lo. of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle; O my Lord,
 You said that Id'e weeds are fast in growth;
 The Prince my brother hath out growne me farte.
Glo. He hath my Lord!
Yor. and therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
 But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little cousen with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue
 And being but a toy which is no gife, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that He giue my cousen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the sword too it.
Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
 In weightier things youle say a beeger may.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare,
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lo.
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? Yor, Little.
Prin. My L. of Yorke will still bee croffe in talke:
 Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me,
 Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an Ape.
 He thinks that you should beare me one your shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit hee reasons,
 To mitigate the seorne hee giue his vncle,
 He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
 So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo. wilt please you passe along?
 My selfe and my good cousen *Buckingham*,
 Will to your mother, to intreat of her
 To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will yongoe vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord protector will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why what should you feare?
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:
 My Granam told me he was mured there.
Prin. I feare no vncles dead,
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare.
 But come my L. with a heauy heart
 Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt, Prin, Yor, Hast, Dor. manet, Bish, Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo, this little prating Yorke,
 Was not incenced by his subtile mother,
 To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O us a perious boy,
 Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
 He is all the mothers from the top to the toe,
Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,
 Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
 As closely to conceale what we impart,
 Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:
 What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
 To make *William L. Hastings* of our minde,
 For the instalment of this noble Duke,
 In the seate royall of this famous Ile?
Car. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
 That he will not be wone to ought against him.
Buc. What thinkest thou then of Stanley, what will he?

Because

F 2

Car.

